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AN OLD WIFE'S VALENTINE.

The old wife stood at her garden gate
The eve of St. Valentine's Day;
She watched for the post, that like a Fate
Just stopped and then galloped away—
Just stopped, and then, in the waning light,
Passed over the hill and out of sight.

Her grandchild tugged at her shawl and gown,
And her daughter called, sweet and clear,
"Mother, come in, for the cakes are brown,
And the boys and father are here."
"Ah, yes," she said, "and the night is cold;
I quite forgot that I'm growing old."

At breakfast lay at the father's place
A letter as white snow;
He looked at it with a curious face,
And said, "Now I want to know!"
The boys all smiled; the mother grew
O'er face and throat a crimson hue.

He opened the dainty letter then,
And lo! in its satiny fold
Was painted rose and forget-me-not,
And lilies with hearts of gold;
And, under the whole, just one sweet line—
"Forever, forever, thy Valentine."

He touched the note with a tender care,
And he went to his sweet wife's side;
He stroked with his hand her snow-white hair,
And he kissed her with loving pride,
Saying, with smiles and misty tears,
"My Valentine through fifty years."

"O boys," he said, with a youthful pride,
"After fifty years of life,
If you find in your home, and by your side,
A fair and a faithful wife,
Count your life lucky, as I count mine,
And loyally kiss your Valentine."

—*Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Weekly.*

VALENTINE'S VALENTINE.

On a cross street, just off an aristocratic avenue, stood a row of tenement houses. In one of these lived a widow and her daughter, having only lately moved from a better part of the city.

The autumn before Mr. Dayton had died, and Mrs. Dayton, never strong, had been a complete invalid ever since. Now winter had come, and Rose was watching the snow grow deeper and their means grow less with an anxious heart. Her name was Rose, but Lily would have been better suited to her delicate beauty and slenderness of form; but under the fragile exterior dwelt a brave heart and a vast amount of practical good sense. She stood by the window, one day, watching the storm drive past in white whirlwinds, and, as she was engaged in retouching the pictures of frost with the point of her scissors, her mind was busy planning how she could increase their slender income. Suddenly she turned away, and said, quite decisively for a day dreamer, "I have an idea, mamma."

"Have you, my dear, just one?" asked her mother.

"Only one, just now," she said, "and it's this. Do you remember the verses I used to write for poor papa, and how he praised me, and called me his little poet, and said I would be famous some day?" She smiled pitifully, remembering every word he had spoken in those happy days, and contrasted them sadly with the loneliness of the present. "If I have any talent in that direction," she continued, "I'm going to turn it to some use now. I've heard of professional letter writers—people who write letters for other people for money, you know, and I'm going to write valentines. There's only a short time now before Valentine day, and we must get my sign ready."

Mrs. Dayton helped her with a sad heart, she, too, remembering how it had not been necessary once for her to puzzle her brains over ways and means.

By the first week in February a sign appeared upon the street door, and Rose was busy devising rhymes of the sort in which loves and doves, flowers and bowers and happy hours completed the couplets. She was very scrupulous in the matter of authorship, and the verses were always of her own coinage, and as original as the inspiration of such a threadbare theme could make them.

Her customers had been numerous, principally shop boys and girls and people of the neighborhood, with whom she had some acquaintance; among the rest one or two elderly victims called, whom she found the most difficult to suit in their selections, of verses.

Valentine Day had come and her little couplets of sentiment were flying in all directions over the city, and she was thinking that she might as well bring in her sign now, when it attracted the eyes of two passers-by. "Valentines Written to Order," exclaimed one. "I declare, Val, here's a chance for an adventure. Let's go in and get some verses—the writer of them is a spinster; I know just how she looks—elderly, about forty, say, tall and thin, and wearing cork screw ringlets; undoubtedly she has for company a cat, and a canary, and a geranium plant. Suppose we interview St. Valentine's Laureate; I'll get her to write some verses for me to send to Fan, but I don't know who you can send yours to, poor boy, for you're heart-whole." The one thus compassionately addressed replied that he guessed he could dispose of them in some way. So the two young men, Valentine Clark and Frank West, rang at the door and were as much surprised at the beautiful young girl that admitted them as if an apparition had confronted them on the threshold, but there was no retreat now, and after they had made known their errand with considerable embarrassment in place of their usual nonchalance, she asked with an assumption of professional dignity in a wonderfully musical voice: "What would you like for the subject of your valentines?" Frank was the first to recover his self-possession, and said, "You make mine the 'Last Appeal,' something about Cupid's darts and bleeding hearts." She looked at him half doubtingly, but proceeded to search among her papers, and make a selection therefrom, which she offered him. He read it over and pronounced it capital. "Now for Val," he exclaimed, "give him a 'declaration of first love'—something modest and retiring." She searched Cupid's quiver again and found a stanza which she thought might be appropriate. It was the best of her stock—indeed she quite prided herself upon it as a metrical composition, which fact, had he known it, would have been a delightful piece of flattery.

"O, mine are worth double that to me," said Frank, as he named the price, and he carelessly gave her a dollar, "and I'll know where to come when I want a verse or two on blighted love, or transferred affection, if this shouldn't prove successful. Come, Val," he added, "let's go and send our valentines now."

As soon as the door was closed upon them, Valentine Clark said, indignantly: "I say, Frank, this is an outrage! We were perfect ruffians to do it, and I'll never forgive you for proposing it. She saw through our pretence, too! Did you ever see a more beautiful face, Frank? She makes me think of that St. Cecilia we were looking at the other day at Osborne's sale."

"Poor old boy!" said Frank, interrupting his burst of enthusiasm, and he patted him patronizingly on the shoulder. "My dear fellow, I never expected this of you—that *you* would fall a victim to Cupid's arrow; *you* who have laughed at me for admiring the insipid beauty and expressionless faces of pictures, have at last been snared by a pretty face. Better mail your valentine to her right away—'Declaration of First Love'—very appropriate, but rather precipitate; might not be reciprocated, you know. All that sort of thing does well enough in novels. Will you send your valentine now? I'm going to stop in here to copy mine, and mail to Fan."

"Don't," said Valentine, impatiently; "I shall keep mine, and you may do what you please with yours," and he walked away, leaving Frank West standing on the steps of his uncle's office, looking after him with a comical air of mingled pity and astonishment, depicted on his face. When Val had disappeared in a receding car he gave a prolonged whistle and ejaculated: "Hang it! I've done it now! Who would have thought of such a thing? I'll have to laugh him out of this delusion, else there'll be the dickens to pay, when his family hear of it, and they'll bring vengeance down on my unsuspected head. It'll go hard with Val, too, for when his mind is made up, might as well try to move a six-story block as to make him swerve from his purpose. Poor boy!" Be it known that this same "poor boy" was older by a couple of years than this young man of twenty-one, who looked at love in all its dealings from a business standpoint, and had little faith in love at first sight, bleeding hearts, and "all that sort of thing."

The next time these two young men met, Frank West rallied Valentine Clark on his recent fascination. "Well, Val," he exclaimed, with provoking coolness, "have you seen St. Cecilia again? Has she accepted thy Declaration of First Love? and comest thou here to tell me that thy fate is sealed? Whence this frown on thy brow, and that scornful curve on thy lip?"

"Enough nonsense, Frank," said Valentine, carelessly. "Let's drop the subject."

"Exactly what I say," answered Frank; it *is* all nonsense, but I was afraid you might be 'getting foolish,' as the Shakers say, over the pretty little valentine writer—she was pretty, that's a fact. I sent the verses to Fan and they accomplished their purpose. She guessed who sent them; didn't know of my poetical ability before, thought the verses 'just lovely,' admired the sentiment, etc. What if I had told her they were not original (but I haven't,) that I bought them and paid for them with silver? Half the charm would be lost."

After they had separated Frank West congratulated himself that he had led Valentine Clark to see the error of his ways, and had cured him of his foolish fancy. "It's a wonder, though," he said to himself "for Val is such a dreamer that he never sees the ludicrous side of anything. This freak—which might have proved an unfortunate one for him—is as foolish as the notion he took into his head of educating that little girl he picked up somewhere a year or so ago; he thought he had discovered a wonderful artistic talent in her, which was only an ingenious trick on her part of obtaining help.

"He's safe now, until some other odd fancy strikes him. Perhaps he would not have been so sure that his badinage had succeeded, could he have seen his friend above in his room, heard his soliloquies and known who was the one that figured extensively in his sleeping and waking dreams, but he did not know, and in the business and pleasure which filled the next two months the episode of the 14th of February was almost forgotten, and he probably never would have recalled it, had it not been for an incident that happened early in the spring. It was April, but more like May, for, although the winter had been severe, the season was unusually forward. Frank West and Valentine Clark were walking through Central Park, when the former suddenly perceived that his companion's attention was not given to the subject of their conversation, and that his eyes were resting on some distant object.

"There she is!" exclaimed Val. "I thought it was she. We'll finish our talk some other time."

"Wonderfully cool," Frank West thought, as he found himself walking alone and saw Val's slim figure hurrying toward the subject of attraction. "He takes it for granted I'm not coming, but I won't leave him now—I'll be bound if I will—he'll need me to help him out again, for it's that Miss—what is her name, anyhow? I don't suppose the dear fellow himself has the most remote idea what it is. It may be Smith or Jones for all he knows. He turned and sauntered across the park with a nonchalent air, and came up to them just in time to hear the "dear fellow" asking considerately how Mrs. Dayton was now that spring had come.

"I'll be bound if he does not know her name already. His charming sister Agnes might be sick a year, and he wouldn't evince half so much solicitude for her," said Frank to himself.

Miss Dayton had seen and recognized him; she bowed, but apparently neither she nor her companion had any intention of asking him to join them; both seemed quite oblivious of his presence.

"Poor mamma," she answered Valentine's inquiry with a sad smile, which only made her still more beautiful in his eyes, "she's better now, but she can't go out doors yet, and she does long to see the flowers so much—not hothouse plants, but violets and the little pink spring beauties we used to find in the country; she thinks it would make her well if she could only have some, but I don't know where to get any."

He did not tell her of the resolve he had made, but asked if she often came to the park.

"Not often," she replied, "for I'm too busy."

"You don't write valentine verses now?" he asked, smiling.

"O, no," and she smiled in return. "I shall probably never do that foolish thing again; I write some verses for my own and mamma's amusement, and I make lace now, and do some other kinds of needle work."

Valentine's resolve number two was also kept to himself.

"O, I must go home now," said Rose, quickly, "the sun is going down, and mamma will be expecting me."

"I was going that way," said Val, trying to invent some plausible errand on the spur of the moment that would make it necessary for his homeward way to lead him across Vine Street.

"Val," said Frank West, thinking it was time for him to interfere; he apologized to Miss Dayton and said to the other, "you know we're going down to meet Arthur Burton at seven o'clock."

"I'll meet you at the train," said Valentine, "but I—Agnes wished me to do an errand for her in at Dartell's," and he turned away from his friend, asking Rose Dayton if he might walk home with her. She blushed and said simply: "I suppose you may, if you were going my way, and your friend, too," she supplemented, discretely.

"O, Frank has to go to the train," said Val decisively, and without further talk they separated.

Two days after, a bouquet of fresh blue and white violets, and other of the earliest wild flowers found their way to No. 105 Vine Street. The boy that brought them answered Rose Dayton's look of enquiry, as she took them, with: "I dunno who 'twas sent 'em. He said there wa'nt nothin' to say." Before she could question him further he had bounded down the steps and was half way up the street.

"What is it, my dear?" asked Mrs. Dayton, as she came slowly in from an adjoining room.

"Some flowers, mamma—wild flowers," said the girl, joyfully, as she buried her face in the cool moist blossoms, "such as we used to find in the woods at grandpa's. How kind he was, mamma, I told—" she stopped abruptly, and for the first time in her life fell to prevaricating.

"Who, Rosy? Who sent them? Who brought them? What did he say? Where did he get them?"

"Some one, who knew us, must have sent them," said the girl evasively; "perhaps some one who knew that you were sick, and that you loved flowers."

"It might have been old Mr. Wood," said Mrs. Dayton, "but I don't know, I'm sure; or, maybe it was Charlie Stone, he used to get them for me once in the while, when we lived on the avenue."

"Or, it might have been—some one else," suggested Rose, and the truthfulness of her nature urged her to add—"Perhaps it was Mr. Clark, mamma; I met him in the Park a day or two ago, and happened to mention to him that you loved wild flowers."

"Mr. Clark, did you say?" asked Mrs. Dayton, with unusual animation for her; "I don't know any Clarks here."

"Don't you remember the two gentlemen who came on Valentine Day?" said Rose. "This is one of them; I have met him once or twice since then, and he is very kind, and inquired after you, mamma."

"If he sent them, I'd like to thank him, I'm sure. Rosy, you might write and thank him, if you knew his address," suggested Mrs. Dayton.

"O, no," said Rose, quickly, "perhaps they are not from him. But, whoever it is, we thank them."

As spring passed and summer came, Valentine frequented Central Park, hoping to meet Rose Dayton there again, but, save once or twice when he had caught a glimpse of her as he passed in a car, he had not seen her for two months. One day the opportunity of executing a plan he had formed some time ago, was offered him by a remark his sister made.

"Mamma," she said, languidly, "you know how I have torn that beautiful lace scarf that Aunt Grace gave me; who can we get to mend it, that will not ruin it?"

"I know," said Val, who seldom paid any attention to his sister's perplexities of this sort. "I know who you could get to do it, and it would be well done, too."

"You? What do *you* know about lace-makers?" said his sister with astonishment; "what protege have you on hand now?"

Mrs. Clark, with an eye to business, plied him, with questions, and Valentine, remembering the explanations he must make, thought best to withdraw with as few words as possible, and said vaguely that he heard of her, and knew where she lived, and Frank West had seen her, too, and he guessed (he thought the prevarication was pardonable) his sister had ordered some lace from her.

It all led to Mrs. Clark and her daughter's alighting from their carriage one day at No. 105 Vine Street, and the unsuspecting mother explained innocently that her son had heard of her by way of a sister of his friend.

A few days after, Agnes Clark came to her brother, and said, sweetly, "Dear Val, you are always so obliging, and I am in such a hurry to get ready for the reception to-night, and John isn't here, so won't you go to that Miss ——I've forgotten the name—that lace-maker and get my lace scarf? She must have finished it by this time." She was surprised at the alacrity with which Val complied with her request, but had so far forgotten his unusual obligingness, as to be very much out of humor when he did not return at the time she had anticipated his arrival.

Once there he almost forgot his errand. They talked of how hot and dusty the city was, of how green and cool the country must be now, and of the matinee that afternoon, upon which Val said, hesitatingly: "By the way, I have some tickets which I purchased for my mother and sister, but as they have other engagements, I beg that you and your mother will accept them." They did so, and both greatly enjoyed the holiday. Later on, an additional pleasure awaited them; it so happened that Mr. Valentine Clark was returning home by the same car. He seemed delighted with the girl's naive comments on the afternoon's entertainment.

About a month later Frank West and Valentine Clark left the city to spend a few weeks in the country. After a few days of hunting and fishing, Val announced that he had business in the city, and must go back by the morning train.

"Well, good-bye, my boy," said Frank, knowing it would be useless to urge him to stay. "I hope 'business' won't keep you long. When you see Fan tell her how hugely we've enjoyed ourselves; been too busy to write, etc.; you can frame some good excuse for me."

Val did not go back to the country, and when Frank West returned in the fall his glowing accounts and somewhat over-drawn pictures of idyllic life there failed to convince him that he had missed anything by staying in the city.

Another Valentine Day came, and Rose Dayton sat smiling over her work and thinking of last year's episode and its sequel. She was interrupted in her reverie by the postman's ring; she ran out to answer it, and returned with a letter which she opened and read hastily—her verses of a year ago.

To this a note was subjoined in another hand:

This is the truth, but not the whole truth. If you will let me call this evening I will tell you the rest. I shall come if you do not forbid me. YOUR VALENTINE.

"O, it's cruel, mamma," the girl cried, dropping the letter. "He sends me back that foolish thing I wrote last February. He despises me for it."

"Let me see, dear," said her mother. Mrs. Dayton read the letter through and then said, gently: "But I think he means it."

"O, mamma! You don't think he could care for me?" and Rose looked like her namesake flower as she spoke.

"Why not, my darling? Are you so unlovable?" she said, with motherly pride and affection in her voice." But Rose ran away to her own room, there to quiet, if possible, her perturbed heart. Subsequent events bore witness that she wrote no forbidding letter.

"Misguided boy," said Frank when he heard of his friend's approaching marriage—it seems that Val was not the first to tell him, dreading his cynical comments. "And the aggravating part of it is that he doesn't look as if he needed pity—looks like the happiest man alive."

"But it is not so bad as it might be," said Mrs. Clark to her daughter, as they talked of the coming event, "for she had at least two of the 'Three F.'s,' face and family, and I've learned that Mr. Dayton was once a very wealthy and influential gentleman; your father knew him quite well."

So all rough places were smoothed in the path of these lovers; but Valentine always rallied his pretty little wife as having been the author of the proposal—adding that he had not the will to refuse.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A Blind Beggar's Bride.

A little girl named Murray, only fourteen years of age, and small and slimly built for her years, was married recently to a blind man named Patrick Murphy, residing in St. Mary Street, below Seventh. The bridegroom is a stoutly built, tall man over fifty years of age, and for the last eleven years has earned his living in this city by soliciting alms, being unable to secure other employment owing to his infirmity. The girl Murray is the daughter of a pensioner, now deceased, and she lived with her mother in the vicinity of Murphy's residence. She was employed by the blind man to lead him through the streets, and on occasions she accompanied him to Harrisburg and other cities in Pennsylvania where Murphy was in the habit of making periodical visits in search of nickles.

A man named Sullivan, who keeps a cheap grocery in St. Mary Street, told a *Press* reporter yesterday that Murphy earned on an average as much as fifteen dollars a week all the year round. He had a considerable sum of money saved in the bank, and after country expeditions had often handed Sullivan fifty dollars to eighty dollars to take care of for him.

"Why did he marry so young a girl?" asked the reporter.

"Well, he was accustomed to the young lady," was the reply. "He told me that he should not regard her as his wife until she had attained womanhood, but that meanwhile he desired to have a claim on her so that he could bring her up his own way. She appears to be perfectly contented, and it is a very good match for her from a money point of view. I never heard of Murphy owing anybody a cent."

"Where were they married?"

"Well, they are, properly speaking, Catholics, but no priest would tie the knot, the girl being so young, and so they went to a Unitarian minister, and he married them."

"Did you ever hear how Murphy lost his sight?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I think he told me he met with an accident in a machine shop at Cleveland, O., twelve years ago. He came to this city with $3,000, his entire savings for years, and was robbed of every cent of it in a den in Alaska street the day after his arrival."

"How did that happen?"

"Why, he got into a conversation with a stranger, and foolishly spoke about his money, and said he wanted to put it in a bank. He was a simple sort of a fellow and the stranger had no difficulty in taking him in. He told Murphy he would show him a bank where he could place his money in safety, and then took him to a house in Alaska street and told him that was the bank. Murphy paid down his money on a kitchen table and got a receipt from a confederate of the wily stranger, and the unfortunate blind man was led into the street and conducted a square or two and left leaning against a lamp-post. A police officer soon enlightened him as to the so-called bank, but nothing could be done to assist him, for Murphy had not the slightest idea where he had been."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—According to a recent order received in Havana from Madrid, no manufacturer whatever is now allowed to use for his products the arms or emblems of friendly nations unless a special authorization to that effect has been previously obtained from the Government whose arms and emblems are intended to be used. This measure has been adopted at the request of the Austrian Government to prevent Messrs. Corral & Co. from stamping the Austrian imperial eagle on their cigar boxes and labels.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—In the last ten years the number of churches of all persuasions in Chicago has increased from 156 to 218.

—A church in Dundee, Scotland, has a telephone attached to the pulpit for the benefit of invalids who cannot come to church.

—There are two colleges in the United States possessing departments of political science, Columbia College and the University of Michigan.

—During the last forty years 120 missionaries have fallen victims to the climate of the west coast of Africa, but the converts to Christianity number over 30,000.

—The Girard fund for the support of the Girard College, Philadelphia, amounted last year to $900,000. With improved business, it is said it will easily net $1,000,000 in 1882.

—To raise money for her church the Rev. Miss Anna Oliver, "the black-eyed girl pastor," of Brooklyn, is to issue 13,000 shares of stock at one dollar each, the certificate of stock being a portrait of herself.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold advocates a change in the teaching elementary schools, so as to give a larger place to memorizing and reciting poetry. He argues that it suggests high and noble principles of action.

—President Darling, of Hamilton College, is a busy worker. He does all the preaching in the chapel, hears almost every class in some recitation, and goes out at intervals to make addresses for the college, and delivers dedication and installation sermons.

—The *Christain Leader* (Universalist) has a notice of a congregation of that denomination which has decided to celebrate the Lord's Supper without distributing the elements to the people. The bread and wine are to "stand on the table as sacred cymbols to speak through the eye to the heart, the minister interpreting."

—The State of New York expended $9,675,992 last year upon public schools—a larger amount than any other State. Illinois follows with $6,735,478; then comes Pennsylvania with $6,046,116. New York has 386,225 illiterates out of a population of 5,082,871, and Massachusetts 168,615 out of a population of 1,783,085.

—Baltimore's most fashionable Methodist church has introduced electric lights into its auditorium with exceedingly pleasing effect. It is the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, and the Rev. Thomas Guard, D. D., one of the most distinguished orators in the Methodist fraternity, is its pastor. The church edifice cost about $300,000.

—The *Christian at Work* says: "Upon the subject of pauper relief the *Christian Leader* well says: 'How so to administer charity that it shall not be a curse, so far from being a paradox, is in sober truth one of the toughest and the most serious problems of the age. But give your neighbor's dog a bone for the third time, and the question how to prevent the animal from quartering upon you for the rest of his life becomes more of a puzzle than a problem of Hamiltonian metaphysics.' And the solution of that problem is—united systematic benevolence discriminately bestowed."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A German astronomer has found a new planet. Anybody who misses any of his planets should make a note of this.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Why is paper money more valuable than coin? Because you double it when you put it in your pocket, and when you take it out you find it in-creases.

—She (of a literary turn): "Doesn't this remind you of a lawn fete under Louis XIV?" He (matter of fact): "Beg pardon that was rather before my time, you know."

—A while ago a party of lynchers down South postponed the hanging five minutes to allow the victim time to finish smoking a cigar. This proves that the use of tobacco prolongs life.

—They have found a King who reigned in Egypt more than a centnry before Abraham. He's dead. He's a mummy. He's not a pretty mummy now; but mum he is, now.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Ike," said Mrs. Partington, "run down town aud get some venom distinguisher; I do say, the cockpoachers are getting so humorous that I'm almost repelled to decoy them;" and Ike smilingly said "yessum."

—"No, ma," she said, "Charles can never be anything to me more. He has come out in his last season's overcoat; and oh, ma, if it only matched my new dress, I wouldn't care so much, but it doesn't, and we have parted!"

—A Paris photographer has invented a process by which he can take a likeness in the one-hundredth part of a second. This time is not so short, however, but the average boy could change his position three or four times during a sitting.—*Titusville World.*

—A cockney inquired at the postoffice the other day for a letter for "Enry Hogden." He was told there was none. "Look 'ere," he replied a little angrily, "you've hexamined a hodd letter for my name. It don't commence with a haitch; it begins wit a ho. Look in the 'old that's got the ho's."

—A traveler visiting a Mexican cathedral was shown by the sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty opaque glass phial. After eyeing it some time, the traveler said: "Do you call this a relic? Why, it is empty." "Empty!" retorted the sacristan, indignantly. "Sir, it contains some of the darkness Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

—There is martial infelicity in Deadwood as well as elsewhere. When a wife runs away with an affinity the bereft husbands posts notices in the saloons, where they will catch the eye of a majority of the population. A recent one reads as follows: "My wife Sarah has Shook my ranche. When I dident Doo a darned thing Too her an' I want it distinctly understood that any man that Takes hur In an' keeps her On my account Wil git himself pumped so Full of lead that Sum tenderfoot will locate him for a Mineral Clame. If she runs hur face fur goods I won't Put up for hur, an' I'le lick the son-of-a-tor-nado that taiks her stand-off even Fur the drinx. a word To the wise is sufficient an' orter work on fools too."

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Garfield monument to be erected at Washington by the Army of the Cumberland will cost $200,000.

—A fifth of the population of Paterson, N. J., or say 10,000, consists of the girls who work in the factories there.

—The old parsonage house occupied by President Arthur's father at Greenwich, N. Y., was sold recently for $75.

—It is a great discovery, if as claimed, they have found how to serve any number of subscribers on a single telephone wire.

—The Rev. Mr. Lavelle is the promoter of a lottery in Montreal, with $1,000,000 capital, which has received the approval of the local government.

—Jesse James, the outlaw, says he will kill twenty men before he is taken, and every detective in the West seems to fear that he may be counted one of the twenty.

—A card was sent to President Arthur recently asking prompt admission on the ground that the applicant's wife was an intimate friend of one of the President's grooms.

—Forty-seven million dollars were put into new buildings in New York City in 1881. We thus see how little Mamma Shipton's dire prophecy affected our business life.

—John McAuley, one of the roughest and toughest bummers of New York, lately experienced religion, and has gone to work as a missionary in the roughest and toughest parts of the city.

—The architect of the new Metropolitan Opera House at New York says that it will have the largest auditorium of any theater in the world, even exceeding that of La Scala, at Milan, which is now the largest.

—The London *Law Journal* is of the opinion that a Judge should have the power to remove a prisoner from the court-room and proceed with the trial, if justice cannot decorously be administered in the prisoner's presence.

—The wife of Engineer Melville of the Jeannette has been married to him seventeen years, four of which she has enjoyed his presence with her. The rest of the time he has been in the ice packs of the frigid zone.

—John Ballard of Columbus, O., died recently at three o'clock in the morning. At that hour, his friend, Henry Ward, at Zanesville, awoke, called for his horse, saying that Ballard had called him and he must go; and in two hours he was dead.

—It does not require a mine in order to start a mining company. The fleeced ones, however, find that even the wildest companies do have a mine. The officers demonstrate to them, after a time, that what was yours is now mine.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Joseph Smith, of Oswego, rushed home the other day to shake hands with his wife and bid her farewell, as he felt that he should die at once. To her inquiry he said he felt well, but was sure that his time had come. In fifteen minutes he was dead.

—A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* says: "It is a fact that no one will be found to dispute that we have in Chicago at the present time entirely too much crime to the square mile." About how much crime would be the correct thing.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Attorney-General Cleaves, of Maine, in his annual report, favors the restoration of capital punishment. He says the convictions for murder in the first degree during the present year alone exceed the number during the three years previous to the abolition of the death penalty, and are nearly equal to the number occurring during the three years following.

—Baroness Erlanger, wife of the banker, ordered her carriage to take her to the Ring Theater in Vienna the night it was burned. Accidentally the coachman arrived fifteen minutes later than ordered and the Baroness escaped the horrors of the fire. Strangely enough, a like delay prevented her intended visit to the Nice Opera House on the evening it was burned last March.

—Senor Zamacona, the Mexican Minister, gave a farewell ball in Washington recently. The Washington *Star* says: "The decorations within and without the two houses they occupy have never been surpassed here. All the projections of bay windows, doorways and cornices of the buildings were brilliant with lights, showing the red, green and white of the Mexican national colors. The name Mexico and the coat of arms of that republic blazed in gas jets. On entering, tropical plants and cut flowers were seen grouped in corners and adorning mantels and tables. The stairways were also entwined with green. Smilax trimmed chandeliers and mirrors. The vista through the rooms terminated in the enclosed garden in the rear, which was brilliantly lighted and its walls lined with tall plants. The large picture of the City of Mexico still covers the wall in the rear, and on the balcony by which the ballroom is approached are panels representing scenes from peasant life in Mexico. The floor of the ballroom was covered with white linen, and dancing was kept up merrily until a late hour."

London Penny Papers.

Indeed, a good journal—that is, a journal equal as regards typography and thickness of paper to the *Times*—could not, even with advertisements, be produced for 1d. at all. The cost of the material on which to print would ultimately crush it. The loss is, we believe, slight on each copy, so slight that if the copper unit were, as it would be under a decimal system, five farthings, half the tenth of a florin, the whole difficulty would be removed. Any loss, no matter what, if multiplied by 100,000 a day, becomes ruinous; and newspaper proprietors are compelled, by the pressure of the penny, to give us abominable paper, often too flimsy to hold together in a high wind, to postpone the intellectual matter of the paper to advertisements, and to use type which must be ruinous to the eyes of the next generation, and which, wherever light is at all deficient, is indescribably harassing. They are compelled to insist on condensation in the methods of reporting, which to public speakers and suitors in courts constantly involves extreme injustice, and to cut down Parliamentary debates until they are positively and visibly diminishing the intellectual influence of public men.—*London Spectator.*